Advice *from the* Shades - Below.

OR; A

LETTER

FROM

Thomas Hobbs of *Malmsbury*,

TO HIS

Brother *B---n H---dly.*

LONDON:

Printed, and are to be Sold by *Robert Manſon*, at the *Bible* and *Star*, in *Ave-Mary-Lane*, near *Pater-Noſter-Row.*

Advice *from the* Shades-Below.

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LETTER

FROM

Thomas Hobbs,

TO

Ben: H—dly.

Brandipolis Jan. 30*th.*

Dear Bro.

'TWAS with a great deal of Impatience that I expected ev'ry Day to meet you on this side *Styx*, and none has been a more *Constant Attendant*

tendant upon every return of *Charons* Wherry than my ſelf, or more *Ambitious* of the Honour of giving you the firſt Welcome to *Hell*—But ſince you ſtill continue to defer the great Happineſs, I promiſe my ſelf in your (*to me*) truly *agreeable Society*, I am reſolv'd not to let ſlip any Opportunity of ſettling a Correſpondence with you, while you are promoting *our Intereſts above*.

And firſt, I ſhall tell you with all Freedom my own Circumſtances here, and what news is moſt Material at *Brandipolis*; and then take the Liberty of a Friend to let you know what People ſay of your ſelf, and give you ſome Advice which may do you Service in carrying on the Glorious Cauſe of *Rebellion* and *Anarchy*.

As for my ſelf, altho' I Trouble my Head, no longer about *Philoſophy*, yet I am ſtill (tho' I ſay it,) none of meaneſt *Politicians* in Hell; and altho' I keep a *Coffee-Houſe*, yet I have made ev'n *Pluto* himſelf, afraid of me, he has ſeveral times

times thrown me into *Torture Caſtle*, and as often been made to repent it. Let me tell you, I am able to make as much Diſturbance here, as you your ſelf with the help of my Principles can wiſh to do on Earth.

Old Noll comes very conſtantly to my Houſe, and never fails to Drink your Health in a Bumper of Burnt Brandy; he and I are always *Plotting* together, and we are not yet without hopes of arriving one Day at the Helm. And we doubt not in the leaſt, but when you come among us, we ſhall make Old *Pluto* content to ſhare the Government with us; eſpecially ſince our Party grows ev'ry Day ſtronger, by the Addition of Legions which come Flocking thither, *well ſeaſoned with your Principles.*

We have had lately a very hot Diſpute between *Ignatius Loyola* and *Hugh Peters* concerning your *Meaſures of Submiſſion*, which they have both caus'd to be Reprinted here, and each pretend

a Right to the Copy, as being the first Author of it.

The cause was try'd the first Day of the last Term, and held many Hours, but when every Body thought that *Loyola* would have got the Day, old *Belzebub* came himself into Court, and Declared upon his Honour, that he himself stood by and Dictated every Word of it to you, while you only wrote after him. Upon this it was Declared to belong to neither of 'em, but upon *Belzebubs* resigning to them both an Equal Right, the Business was concluded to the Satisfaction of all Parties.

Algernon Sidney came hither tother Day, and with a great Satisfaction told me that he had been with *Patridge* the *Astrologer*; who has set up for a Fortune Teller, and he assures him that in less than Twenty Years, His Book about Government will be read in your *Metropolis* in all Churches and Chappels on the 30th of *January*, instead of the *Homily*

mily againſt Rebellion. You can't Imagine how vain he he is grown upon it; he runs about from place to place to tell the Story to ev'ry one he meets, and is as confident of the Truth of it, as if it were already come to paſs. He has order'd his Picture to be Drawn to the Life with a *falling Church* before him, and a *Crown* lying under his Feet, with your ſelf ſtanding at his *Right Hand*, and *Laughing* at it. This Man is a Perfumer in our Town, and has got a great Eſtate by a new ſort of Snuff, he has invented, which has this peculiar Quality, that as ſoon as taken, it makes Men Stark Mad, with rage againſt Monarchy, and away they run to the Bookſellers for my *Leviathan*, and your *Sermons*. It cauſes alſo a Wonderful *Itching* in the *Ears*, which is a very agreeable *Titillation* to the Inhabitants of theſe Infernal Regions. I would have ſent you a Sample of it, but I hear there is no need of it *above*, ſince your Diſcourſes have the ſame effect.

This

This being a Day of rejoycing amongſt us, I had a great Company at my Houſe, which conſiſted chiefly of thoſe who had been Members of the *Calves-Head-Club*. And Sir *S——n L——d* being lately come to Town, we did him the Honour of making him our *Chair-Man*, which he very Thankfully accepted, and at his Entrance upon his Office he made us the following Harangue.

" *Gentlemen*,

" I take it as a Peculiar Honour, " that you have thought me " worthy to be admitted a Member " of this Illuſtrious Society. I believe " all of you can bear me Witneſs, with " how much Zeal I always eſpous'd " your Intereſt while on Earth, and " that I ever rejoyced more on this " *Glorious Day*, than that of my Birth, " that I ever Hated *Monarchy* as I did " *Religion*, and even the *very Day be-* " *fore* I left the upper Regions, that I approv'd

" approv'd my ſelf none of the mean-
" eſt Enemies to the Hated Church
" and Crown of *Albion*. O! Had I
" liv'd to ſee the Glorious Accompliſh-
" ment of my Deſigns, I might then
" have thought my ſelf worthy to be
" one of you. But ſince Curſt Fate
" has croſs'd my Undertakings,
" ſince to my unſpeakable Vexation, I
" was forced away, when I had ſcarce
" begun the *great Work*, I had ſo much
" at Heart; I do with the greateſt ſin-
" cerity joyn with you all, in Curſing
" from the bottom of my Heart, all
" Lovers of Kingly Government, and
" here's Confuſion to 'em, and a Health
" to our Worthy Chaplain *B——n.*
" *H——dly*".

Great was the Applauſe, with which this Speech was heard, and with an unuſual Alacrity the Health went round, and ev'ry one bow'd at the Name of *H--dly*. When it came round again to Sir *S——n* he Drank to the *Roaſting* of Dr. *S——ll*, but when it came to

the Third Man he ſcrupled it and ſaid it might have been *better Worded.* Why ſo ſays Sir S——*n*? Why ſays tother, with Humble Submiſſion, the Dr. wont *Roaſt*, becauſe he wont *Turn*; upon which they all agreed to Drink to his being *Impal'd* alive.

The particulars of the Entertainment at *Dinner*, which came up as ſoon as this Health was over, I ſhall not recount to you, there being the ſame Diſhes that Friends conſtantly have at their Clubs on this Day. They all Eat very heartily, and Sang ſome Hymns which were newly brought from *Albion* ſuppos'd to be Written by Dr. *G*——

After the Hymns were over, all the Talk was of you; whom they acknowledged with a general conſent, to be one of greateſt Zealots for the cauſe, and as well furniſhed with the impenetrable Armour of *Impudence* and truly *Deviliſh Zeal*, as any *Champion* that has

has appeared for 'em theſe Thirty Years; eſpecially they extoll'd that *bold Attempt* upon the Biſhop of *Exeter*, whom they Loaded with all the *Scandalous* Vilifying Names they could think off, and indeed we are all of us in a more extraordinary Manner *exaſperated* againſt *him*; and look upon him as one of our moſt Powerful Enemies, and next to him we Abominate your Reverences *beſt Anſwerer*.

Judas the Apoſtate, much more our *Senior* than *Superior* in Wickedneſs, does us always the Honour to come among us on this Day. And upon the Diſcourſe concerning your he expreſt ſo much eſteem for you, as to compare you even to his *own ſelf* and compared your *Hypocritical* Writings in Defenſe of *Epiſcopal Ordination* to the *Kiſs*, by which he *Betray'd* his *Maſter*, highly Commending your Subtlety in crowding *your ſelf* at firſt among the *Friends* to the *Church*, that you might afterwards be the better able to Undermine

the Foundations upon which ſhe ſtands united with the *State*, even ſtill too *great* an Object of our Rage and Envy.

Guido Fauks, is one of the Principle waiters at our Table, and could not but expreſs abundance of Joy, when he heard a Plot ſo like that in which he was to have been an Inſtrument, was likely to be brought to *Perfection* in this Age, and ſneering ſaid to *Garnet*, the *Jeſuite* that he hoped now to ſee Monarchy and *Hierarchy* Blown up at once by your Principles, which we Flatter our ſelves will be able in time to give 'em a greater Shock than a Thouſand Barrels of Gun-Powder could ever have done.

In ſhort Sir, There ſeem'd to be an *Univerſal Joy* in the Faces of 'em all, and every one teſtified an extraordinary Approbation of your Labours in our *Glorious Cauſe* and upon a Motion made by *Old Noll*, they agreed upon a Petition to *Pluto*, Humbly Requeſting

queſting him to aſſign you ſome conſiderable *Poſt in Hell*, as ſoon as you ſhall arrive at *Brandipolis*.

They agreed alſo upon a *Letter of Thanks*, to your *Reverence*, and hearing that I deſign'd to ſend very ſhortly to you they Commanded me to encloſe it in mine; which I ſhall now give you as as follows.

To

To the Reverend Mr. B--n H--dly *Prime Agent of H-ll, in the Grand Cauſe of Anarchy and Confuſion, at the* Metropolis *of* Albion.

" WE the Principal of God's E-
" nemies; *Eternal and Impla-*
" *cable* Foes to all Government; eſpeci-
" ally that of *Albion*, Moſt Glorious
" maintainers of the *good old Cauſe, &c.*
" now aſſembled at one of our moſt
" Principal Feaſts and Rejoycings; *ſend*
" *Greeting.*

" Whereas

" Whereas we have been informed
" by great Numbers of People which
" Daily arrive here from *Albion* of your
" Indefatigable Labours, to ſow *Di-*
" *viſion* and *Diſcord* in that Nation
" in order to promote the Intereſt of
" H--ll; and that therein, you have
" meet with great Succeſs, and do ſtill
" continue your utmoſt Endeavours
" to ſerve us as far as lies in your Power.

" We think our ſelves oblig'd in
" Gratitude to return you our Hearty
" Thanks for the ſame, and we ear-
" neſtly Exhort you to continue and
" perſevere in your Undertakings, and
" do hereby enlarge your Commiſſion;
" and Impower you, when (as we
" ſpeedily hope to hear,) you ſhall
" have Baniſh'd from our Iſland the
" Doctine of *Obedience to Civil Powers*,
" to proceed with an equal Zeal to
" Inveigh againſt all other Doctrines
" of *Religion*; to all and every of which

" we

" we profeſs an equal Abhorrence, and
" we wiſh you all Imaginable Succeſs
" in in your Proceedings.

Under Written

Given under our Hands and Seals this 30th of Jan. in the Year of the Decollation. 62

S——n L—d *Chairman.*
Oliver Cromwell.
Hen. Ireton. &c.

Notwithanding this Letter was ſubſcrib'd by every one, *Nemine Contradicente*; yet there were not wanting ſeveral who ſeem'd a little to *Envy* the Signal Honour done to you, and would fain have come in for a ſhare of it *themſelves*. They urg'd that your Principles were only *theirs* new vamp't up, and that they being the firſt Authors of 'em ought in all Reaſon to be allow'd the Glory of the Conſequences that might follow from them, that you only look'd over their Shoulders, and had they not laid the Foundation, you would never have been a-

ble

ble to have Built the Superſtructure. This occaſion'd a Diſpute for a little time, but at laſt they agreed, that although they had indeed given you ſome very broad hints, yet you had wonderfully Improv'd 'em, and had eſpecially out done all others even *T——l* himſelf in Clamour, Spite, Malice, and Hypocriſy.

After this Buſineſs was over, they went on in Drinking the Healths of the reſt of your Fraternity, till they made themſelves ſo Drunk that they fell all together by the Ears, and many a Blow was given in a furious Quarrel for the Honour which each claim'd to himſelf of being the *Greateſt Rebel.*

This made me think it Prudence to Retire: beſides that it was high time for me to begin this Letter, leſt I ſhould miſs the Opportunity of the Mail.

I ſhall Trouble you no longer Sir, than while I take the Liberty to give you a Little Advice, which may be of Service to you, in carrying on our *Glorious Cauſe.*

And firſt, ſince the Honourable Aſſembly juſt mention'd, have given you Authority to Endeavour the Extirpation of all Virtues, which may ſtand in your way: I would by all means adviſe you to begin with *Moderation.* 'Tis true, the pretence of it did us a great deal of kindneſs at *firſt*, yet *now* I think it ought to be wholly laid aſide as of no manner of uſe. While we were under the Hatches, and had Reaſon to fear the Reſentment of thoſe who were ſo juſtly exaſperated againſt us, it was then indeed a proper time to Preach *Forbearance*, but now we muſt drive on *Jehu* like, if we would come to our Joueneys End. 'Tis a *favourable Opportunity*, we have now got, and by no means let us ſuffer it to ſlip from us,

us; but remembring the *Latin Proverb Poſt eſt Occaſio Calva*; let us bravely ſurmount all Obſtacles of Conſcience or Honour, and by force endeavour to ſtrike down all before us. *Doing as we would be Done by*, was the Precept of the greateſt Enemy to our Cauſe, and our Adverſaries following that Rule, has almoſt Ruined 'em. Not ſo did your Fathers after the Glorious Revolution in 48, nothing leſs than Death or Impriſonment was thought mild enough for the Hated *Loyaliſt* by thoſe wiſe Sages, and you muſt follow their Examples if you would in earneſt ſubvert the *Conſtitution* and anſwer the great Expectations of your Friends Below.

There is another thing, I would put you in mind of relating to your Management of the Controverſies you are at preſent engag'd in, and that is, to take care of Truſting to *Logick*. Logick is a Weapon of all others the moſt unfit for us to make uſe of againſt our Adverſaries. 'Tis

true you have not brought much of it into your Diſcourſes, but that little that you pretend to, has done you more harm than you are aware you off. 'Tis not for us to Fight with equal Weapons, when we have others at hand. Noiſe and Clamour and confident railing goes a Thouſand times farther with the Generality of Mankind than ſound reaſoning, and it is not *the Beſt* or the *Wiſeſt*, but the *Moſt* that we muſt ſtrive to gain Over. 'Tis true a *few* Men of Parts would do well to *head* the Reſt, but *Intereſt* is a Powerful Motive and and will prevail with *enow* of *thoſe*, to ſerve our purpoſe. You may Remember we had but a very few Men of any Tolerable *Learning* or *Capacities* in the great *Rebellion*, but it proſper'd neer the worſe for that. Many that could neither Read nor Write, could Command a *Troop of Horſe*, and I am of Opinion *Dragooning* is the beſt way of *Converting*. I am ſure I have leant this by Experience, for that Damn'd Logick has been the Ruin of all my Schemes.

But

But if you muſt be for Argument, make uſe of only that ſort which is call'd *Argumentum ad hominem.* Tell 'em that *Non-Reſiſtance* is a Damnable Doctrine, becauſe it don't agree with *Revolution Principles*, and that St. *Peter*, and St. *Paul* are Guilty of *High Crimes and Miſdeameanours.* If the other ſide offer to prove nevee ſo well to the Contrary, Anſwer 'em as I heard a Wiſe Man in a Diſputation; *Nego totum Syllogiſmum*, but neer allow 'em one *Propoſition* tho' *Self-Evident*, for fear they ſhould draw *ugly Concuſions* from it. Tell 'em all they ſay is falſe, and ſwear to it as ſtoutly as you can; and if they ſeem to Diſpiſe and take no notice of ſuch an Argument, then belure to Sing *Jo! Triumple!* And tell all your followers that you have gain'd a *Compleat Victory.*

If never ſo many *Anſwers* come out againſt you, beſure to continue to tell the World that you never *was*, never *will*, and never can be *anſwered*; or if you have oc-

caſion,

aſion to mention any Book that bears the Title of an *Anſwer*, tho' it be thought by all the World to be never ſo *good*, ſay *you paſs it by with with Contempt as Unworthy of your Notice.*

I am ſorry to hear Bro. that you have Medled with Dr. *Atterbury*. He is ſtill *Alive*, and can *Bite*; and let me tell you 'tis Dangerous *rowzing a Sleeping Lyon*, I do, ev'en adviſe you to let *that Man* alone, and fall upon ſome-body that is *Dead*, and then you may Triumph ſafely enough. The Dead cant anſwer for themſelves, but muſt ſubmit on Courſe; While *Atterbury* perhaps may cut out more Work they you'l be able to finiſh while you Breath. Believe me he's a Terrible Fellow and makes even *us* here in *H-ll*, Bloodily afraid of him! I wiſh you were well out of his Clutches.

Well! Dear Bro. I am ſorry at my Heart, I hant time to go on—— I had a great deal more to ſay to you but the Boats juſt going off, and I can only ſubſcribe my ſelf Your

Muſt Affectionate Bro.

In Iniquity

Tho. Hobbs.

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